Property (Rewrite)

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by Demonheart666

Summary

"If only you could see yourself now, Will. What would people say? So beautiful, all tied down and pliable."

"If only you could see yourself now, Will. What would people say? So beautiful, all tied down and pliable." Pain and apprehension ache through Will as he tries to convince Hannibal to let him go, to let him free. He doesn't want this. He hadn't planned this. All he was doing was following a lead. He never wanted to believe his gut feeling, that Hannibal Lecter is infact the chesapeake ripper, Will had trusted him. Even thought of the possibility of something more between them but right here right now, though, he can very much believe it. He is stuck here with the man who has killed tens to hundreds of people, and there's nothing he can do to stop the inevitable.

His instincts scream at him to bow his head and submit to this alpha because he knows he'll be hurt so much worse if he tries to fight or run.

He'd been here for three days already. His arms tied behind his back in a series of intricate twists and knots that looked like a soft spider's net against his skin yet held his muscles firmly restrained Along with the rope a thick padded collar around his neck was locked tight, black tape covering his eyes and mouth, a thick plug sat in his hole, nipple clamps attached to his perky nipples, and a cage wrapped around his cock keeping him soft. Chest and stomach resting against an angled bench with his hips higher than his shoulders.

He knew very well what the alpha was trying to do to him. His childhood he'd been warmed put alpha's like him. He never thought it would ever happen to him.

Will whines as a rush of slick slides from his hole. He hated every second, he's completely exposed to everything behind him, and he can't help the growl that leaves his throat as his movement is limited. His eyes firmly close behind the tape, and he can't anticipate the alphas next move, begging his body doesn't betray him. He just was going to pretend that it wasn't happening. It would be over soon, and it'll be fine.

Hannibal only chuckles at the omegas distress, stroking the omegas hair back from his face. Will was truly beautiful like this. "Settle down, sweetheart. You're such a good boy for me, you know that. That's so perfect. Knew from the moment I laid eyes upon you, i knew you were made for me."

Will curls in on himself the best he can. Those words made his body want to arch his back and present his neck for the alpha's taking. He couldn't. He really isn't going to allow him body to take over his mind just yet. Jack is looking for him. If he can hold out just a bit longer. His heart starts racing at the thought of the alpha's plan. He logically knows what Hannibal is going to make him do, but his body is trying to convince him that the alpha would make him feel better.

The omega feels Hannibal move, his presence next behind him. Will jumps at a hand, landing on the back of his thigh, bucking off the table, trying to escape. The alpha once again chuckles, placing a finger on his rim delicately. "Fuck," he couldn't help but try and swear through the tape. Heavy sobs leaving the omegas chest as Hannibal gathers his slick onto his fingers.

"Stop trying to deny this William. I know you can feel how wet you are." Will gasps as Hannibal's finger slip into him completely. "So Perfect" The Alpha's voice held no hint of teasing this time, he sounded genuinely proud of his hostage. Unfortunately for the omega the realisation of that makes him purr. "What's that, Will?" Hannibal smirks adding another finger.

Will tries to relax however anxiety sweeps him away. He would try and fight however he knew it wasn't possible. He knew better. He could barely walk due to how weak his body already is. Oxygen tries to flood his body as he forces himself to take a deep breath to the best of his ability.

Everything is far too much. Three days of this type of torture, and his body is so close to betraying him.

Hannibal's third finger pushes forward, and Will can't stop the moans that escape his lips. "You're so responsive, sweet omega."

"Fuck" Will tries to shouts as the alpha moves his fingers to hit something deep in him.

Then Will feels his fourth finger pressing up to his rim and his insides melt. His hole struggles to take the girth at first and Will tries his hardest to fight.

But nothing has ever felt like this.

Stretching and yielding, heavy and thick. Moving like the rest of him, squirming and writhing. However just as great as this felt in the back of his mind he still knew that he didn't want this. He knew that the second he removes his fingers reality will hit him harder than a fucking train.

"So perfect. I knew there was a reason I chose you." Hannibal whispers as he pulls his fingers free from the wet heat. At this rate, if the alpha kept on his torture, they both knew Will would fall into a heat. His first one since he presented.

The omegas fears that truth becoming reality. He hasn't taken his suppressants in three days, so it is inevitable.

Will cries out as his body finally submits against his will, and he goes limp.

Hannibal chukles as he pulls his fingers from his body.

Will feels desperately empty, needy, and utterly horrified by the tears that fall down his cheeks. "No no no no no," Will begs behind the tape. Hannibal makes a slow walk around Will's body chuckling under his breath. "Be a good omega, Will, and this will be much easier for the both of us."

Hannibal rips the tape from Will's mouth, gripping his chin. "Submit William, and I will show you everything I ever wanted for you. You have so much potential."

"Fuck you" Will bites out, his voice barely there. The first time that he's actually been able to talk in hours.

"You know how I feel about that type of language omega." He leans down and places a harsh kiss on his lips before letting him go and walking back around to his ass.

Hannibal places a hand rest hip, thumbs rubbing circles into the dip of his waist and holding him in place, keeping him still and good. "I think we've both been waiting long enough for this. You'll be such a good omega for me. Won't you, Will?"

"Fuck you" he repeats out of breath and the room starts to get increasingly hot. He knows it is the tell tell signs of his impending heat.

"I really did wish for you to behave during this, William. But we can do this the hard way if you want." Hannibal removes the hand on his hip to grip the base of his neck, around the collar, squeezing, pressing hard down onto the gland that instantly forces him to submit. "This was your choice, Will?" He growls into his ear before using his free hand to undo his well tailored trousers.

Hannibal massages the glad, stimulating it enough to turn Will's body even more against him. He was even more beautiful in Hannibal's eyes as he goes lax. "I was planning on taking the tape off so you can see what I'm about to do to you, but brats like you don't deserve that, don't deserve mercy."

Hannibal moves the hand down from his neck to tug on the cage to make sure it's secure. Will groan in pain from his confiments.

Then all hands are off of him. He can still feel the alpha's presence and the fear of it running through him.

Then, he will feel the blunt head and pressure against his rim. He's never done this before. Since he first met Hannibal, Will dreamed of him being his first he just never imagined it going down like this. "No no no no no..." he repeats over and over, tears pouring down his cheeks.

Hannibal has been prodding and poking him for the last three days, making his body ready for this moment. Will knows Hannibal can smell how close he is to his heat, and Will knows the second he entire him he'll be gone. His body officially takes over his mind for at least a week.

Hannibal just ignores him and pushes his cock in. Will screams out at the breach, the stretch. His body is fighting itself between forcing him to finally submit and take it and fight his way out. The only problem with option two is being tied up and strapped securely down to the breeding bench.

"Look at you, pup. Taking my cock like you were born for it." Hannibal's voice has gone even rougher. Low with obvious pleasure. He keeps falling into his mothers tongue, and if it were any other situation, Will would be fascinated with it.

He already feels full. Hannibal was big, much thicker than the three fingers, he doesn't understand how it was to fit inside him. Wills cries out, already feeling so full. "fuck... fuck, you're so tight . So fucking tight."

He finally forces the last few inches of his cock in. All of the alpha is seated fully inside him now. Sheathed in, right to the very hilt.

Hannibal isn't lying. If he was any tighter, it would be cutting blood circulation. He grabs his hips with a vengeance, blunt fingernails digging into his skin, "Jesus. Fuck" he groans out underneathhis breath.

Hannibal never swore and probably will never again. However, Will does feel a small amount of pride about it before he's once again he's forced to focus on the alpha in him.

He feels every tiny bit of him sliding in. He feels his heart beat pounding through his cock. He feels every little vein and valley and everything. He squeezes his eyes shut tighter, another whimper pours out of his mouth, unstoppable.

Hannibal's hips twitch forward, trying to get into him even further even though it isn't possible. Will he hears himself moan and feels his internal muscles squeeze around the alpha without his own doing. Just instinctively clenching down. The killer groans right back at him. "You're so perfect for me, omega." Hannibal bites out s he proceeds to slowly pull out of the tied up man below him and slam back in hard and fast.

Without warning, a hard slap hits his right ass cheek, and he jerks forward, bringing even more tears to his eyes however it doesn't stop the moans leaving his lips as his body jerks violently with each thrust. "See Will, you were made for this. Made for me. Made to be tied to my knot, to wear my mark, to be filled with my pups." Hannibal grunts out as he begins to pound Will's ass even harder. "I have waited so long for this"

Hannibal groans as he starts to move faster. His grunts mingled with the cries of the omega beneath him, turning the doctor on to no end. "You feel so good, Will! My perfect little omega! You are better than I ever imagined you'd be. Which was hard to beat by the way"

Will has no idea how the alpha is able to form complete sentences during a time like this. Will knew the only sounds he could form right now are the loud cries and moans unwillingly escaping him.

Hannibal grinds his hips, deep within him, and Will continues to cry from the pain of the other man inside him. Fucking into him harder and faster.

A rough cry tears its way through Will's throat. Hannibal taking whatever he wants from the man beneath him. Will tries his hardest to keep himself resolute and quiet.

Then he breaks fully.

The alpha's knot starts to swell up.

It's too much. Hannibal's hand comes moves to grip around the base of his neck, keeping him grounded and soft so he doesn't hurt himself. Will whimpers in pain at both the horrific stretch and the alpha still thrusting the best he can into his prostate. "Just relax omega, it's only gonna be worse for you if you don't."

Tears stream down Will's cheeks. He has been hurt a lot in his life, but never has it been like this. It is like he is being slowly ripped open, his entire lower body aching, throbbing pains. "H-hurts." He sobs out, all his pride being thrown out the window at the moment.

"Hush now dear, everything's alright, you know you were made for this. You'll be so much happier once you're bitten and bred." Hannibal replies tenderly considering the situation. Will hates him even more, if it's even possible considering, from those words.

Hannibal moves him hand to the front of Will's neck slowly starts to massage the omega's throat and groans at the feeling of his walls tightening around his cock even more. "So perfect. So beautiful."

"You’re going to be a perfect Omega for me, aren't you Will" Hannibal whispers. Will groans and cries weakly, unable to do anything as Hannibal’s swollen knot pushes fully into him.

The alpha stills and groans as he begins to come.

"You're oh so close to your heat, my dear. I can already smell it pouring from you. It pains me not to be able to mark and mate you properly just yet, but it will be worth the wait in the end."

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